

KEEP MOVIN'.
Smile all fear with a smile
serene,
and just keep sweet and keep
movin'.
—Burdette.

Begin Today to Read the Marvelous Adventures of the Man Who Lived in the Water and Sank a Navy

The Times' Daily Magazine Page

WHO MISSES OR WINS.
If you fall or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a Gentle-
man.
—Anonymous.

Holding a Man's Love

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Some of the Little Things a Wife
Can Do to Make Her Husband
Happy in His Home.

Of course "love does generally
come home at last"—however
he goes a-wandering. But
which of us does not long for the
magic "ounce of prevention"—the
unfailing charm which shall keep
him safe at home?

How to prevent a man from
wanting to wander? Make him
comfortable, never nag him, bring
to his recollection his day's doings
sympathetic interest and never
bother him with your day's doings.
If he is tired, let him feel free to
rest; if he wants to fare forth to
the place of the tango or the bur-
lesque, go with him, and forget that
you pine to see Isadora Duncan or
listen to Caruso.

Before your marriage you trotted
along to baseball games and acted
as stimulated and interested as if
you knew third base from an "er-
ror." Why not keep up the good
work of pretending to like what
Mr. Little Boy likes?

In all seriousness, it is important
to make your husband comfortable
by letting him have the diversions
and the relaxations which his fight
with the world make him long for.
If your life holds only love, why not
give to love breadth of mind and
understanding and the whimsical
tenderness which every Peter Pan of
a man needs?

A Little Discretion.

If in your life there are big in-
terests—portions of the world's
work—constructive efforts in pol-
itics or social service or the arts,
you will find that your deeper in-
terests make you enough of a pal
and companion, enough of a com-
plete equal, so that your husband
may be just as concerned about
holding your interest, now that he
has it, as is the average woman over
the reverse process.

The things which lure a man
away from home are newness, a va-
riation from the usual and hum-
drum, the lure of youth, the flatter-
ing admiration of some one who
tells him he is wonderful, the joy
of conquering some all-deadly
young creature.

There isn't one of these things
which she cannot be or do or
furnish if she takes the trouble.
However, if being a pal and a
sweetheart and a wife and a mother
and a sister and an unknown quan-
tity and an experienced nurse all
added up together fail to hold an
errant husband's vandy, what then?

First of all, don't let yourself be
suspicious. Try to trust and by
your trust to compel a sort of loy-
alty. Sometimes a jealous wife
drives a man to the perverse feel-
ing and he may as well have the
game as the name.

Be tolerant rather than accusatory.
Try a sense of humor instead of
harshness. Get out some of the situa-
tion and look at it in the light of
calm reasonableness.

Here is John, aged forty-five,
heretofore devoted husband and
father and always generous and
kindly, making a fool of himself over
twenty-year-old Florencia Privol or
thirty-year-old Lauretta Blin-
stocking, as the case may be. Now,
whether this little infatuation be a

foolish, momentary affair or a grow-
ing tragedy, the wife herself will
probably have to decide.

If she is jealous and petty and
irritable, she fairly drives her man
into the arms of the other woman,
who is naturally being as sweet
and amiable and lovable as are all
of us when we are wooing and be-
ing wooed.

Let me tell you a very true story,
the ending of which was written by
the wife. John Simmons was fifty
and had come to grandfatherhood
without giving one sign that he was
not an exemplary citizen and a good
husband and father. And then he
fell in love with Rose Lansing, a
beautiful young widow who was a
friend of one of his daughters.

It looked as if John's feelings
arose from one of those tremendous,
whirlwind passions, which have
come down through history because
of their force and tragic power to
triumph over right and convention
and almost over time itself.

John Simmons's daughters were
desperate. They did not want their
mother to divorce their father, nor
did they want her to be shamed and
betrayed by him. They wanted to
give to him and plead with him to
spare his family—not to make it pay
for his illicit love. And very quietly
their mother prevented all this and
gave her command:

"Listen, girls—there's no tragedy,
no diagram, unless I acknowledge
it. We're making this whole thing up
in our own suspicious minds. John
is attracted to Rose—that's all. We
don't have to cut her or make a fuss
because she's younger and prettier
than I am. I don't have to beg my
husband for the devotion he has al-
ways given me freely. The fuss
you are making is disgraceful. I
won't have any scenes. I am giving
a dinner to-night and a home party
next week. Rose is to be at both."

Good Sense Wins.

The wife's good nature, her refusal
to think evil, her calm, taking the
thing out of the realm of clandestine
and making it easy for John to see
the silver, destroyed some of the
remnants of it. I am not sure that
all men could be so cured of their
infatuations, but I think a large
percentage of errant husbands
could be won back by their wives'

good-humored acceptance of the
fact that John was having "a little
flirtation" when an excited accusa-
tion that John was indulging in "a
dangerous affair" might actually in-
duce him to have the sort of an af-
fair which was being taken for
granted.

"No man could be false to her; no
man could tire of her—she's so
reasonable and square," said a vir-
tuous man recently of his wife—
a woman of infinitely less attraction
than he possesses.

"Reasonable and square"—how
many women are that when brought
face to face with emotional tragedy?
Hysterical and bitter; jealous and
suspicious; whimpering and des-
perate; accusing and tragic—all
these women proceed to be when
they think the man they love has
given them "masee." I recommend a
complete reversal of policy. Try
being "reasonable and square."

Household Suggestions

If you happen to have run out of
beet polish, a few drops of lemon
juice rubbed briskly on to black or
brown leather will give it a brilliant
polish.

The peel of lemons should be
saved and dried and placed among
the sugar to be used for cakes. This
gives a slight flavor to the sugar.

An ounce of alum added to the
rinse water or to the starch will
render muslin or cotton goods al-
most fireproof.

To keep flies out of the pantry

sponge the windows weekly with a
weak solution of carbolic acid and
water.

Old potatoes steeped in cold water
overnight will be found much
whiter when ready for serving.

For setting a rat-trap, use bread
soaked in linseed-oil. Rats cannot
resist linseed-oil.

Oil-cans should be tightly corked,
as oil exposed to the air will not
burn brightly.

When sprinkling clothes use hot
water. It dampens them more
evenly.

The Stranger

By Jane McLean.

LAST week I played with Summer—how we played!
Out in the country, where the air is sweet,
I found her but a young and beautiful maid,
With azure eyes and swaying dimpled feet.
How fleet she was, for when we ran a race
Down wooded paths where scented blossoms stray
She flew ahead, and turned a laughing face
To mock my lagging steps along the way.

But here, where heavy buildings rear and frown,
And little children gasp for breath and die,
And misery walks stark about the town,
I cannot help but stop and wonder why.
Where is the laughing child who won my heart,
Who plied her wares that I might buy and feast?
I do not know this thing that walks apart
Smiling the girl like a jungle beast.



"LONG LIVE FRANCE! LONG LIVE THE REPUBLIC!"

HICTANER--'THE MAN FISH' WHO DESTROYED A NAVY

BY JEAN DE LA HIRE

(Copyright, 1917.)

THE admiral was still standing.
He lifted his hand and said
in a voice once more calm and

commanding:
"Gentlemen, definite orders have
accompanied these dispatches, which
unfortunately leave no room for
doubt, as they are worded in cypher,
this cypher being known only to the
ministry, the admirals, and the cap-
tain in command of La Patrie.

"A part of these instructions were
obeyed this morning, when I sent
sailing orders to each of you. In a
half hour we leave for Gibraltar.

"To the southwest of the Balearic
Isles we expect to meet the Mediter-
ranean fleet of the British—thirty-
one ships and four submarines.

"Our allied forces will block the
Straits of Gibraltar, the British in
the outer line, we in the inner. Thus
it is planned to prevent our puzzling
enemy from passing into the Medi-
terranean and perhaps to see, cap-
ture, or destroy him, whether he is a
unit or a number."

The admiral paused for breath, and
then went on:
"This is all I wish to say, gentle-
men. Please report on board your
own ships in five minutes. In a quar-
ter of an hour you will receive the
signal to depart."

"We are going forth to war of a
new kind, for no one knows what
sort of enemy ours may be. There-
fore, let us have courage, discipline,
self-abnegation, and presence of
mind, and let us cry together:

"Long live France! Long live the
republic!"

A wild burst of cheers and solemn
pledges followed his words.
Around the table, all the officers
from the admiral to the simple en-
sign, stood straight and raised their
trembling hands with cries of "Long
live France. Long live the republic!"
Suddenly their enthusiasm was cut
short.

The door of the saloon opened and
a captain entered, shockingly pale. In
his raised hand were two dispatches.
A score of officers saw him im-
mediately and stood transfixed. The
others turned quickly and ceased
shouting, dropping their arms.

In the tragic silence, which came
over them like a pall, Admiral Ger-
minet calmly asked:

"What news, commandant?"
The officer took a few steps for-
ward and held out the papers to his
chief, murmuring faintly:

"I translated them, admiral."
The admiral took the papers, ran
his eyes over them, and trembled so
that the great beads of sweat stood
out upon his brow. By an effort of
will he read in a voice whose hard-
ness ill concealed his emotion:

"Paris, Eiffel Tower,
Feb. 3, 11:50 a. m.
"Yesterday, February 2, at mid-
night, in the port of Lisbon,
Portugal's only battleship, Vasco
da Gama, was destroyed by a
single explosion. All of her 520
men were lost.

"The explosion was so heavy
that several ships at anchor were
capsized, and an entire block of
houses on the quay were demol-
ished. The number of victims is
estimated at 3,000."

The admiral dropped the first tele-
gram and took up the second, which
he read:
"Minister of Naval Affairs to
Admiral Germinet—Host anchor

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

The story opens with the arrival of Fulbert, a Buddhist monk of the Tibetan
Lamae, at an isolated and mysterious
house on the western end of the island
of Oahu. By a signal he is admitted
and greets Ozu, the master of the house,
with whom he is plotting for the making
of a human creature, which by means of
vivisection, will have such powers that
it will finally bring all the nations of the
earth to his feet.

In the secret Lamist Order the killing
of human beings was not considered a
matter to bring regret if murder was
done in their cause, the cause being a
dream of world power, a power that
would give the Lamist the actual con-
trol of the destinies of the earth.

These fanatics, working with the right-
ful strength of their kind, finally decide
on the means by which they will attain
their goal. The relic of human lungs
by the breathing organs of a fish will
make a man-fish, a creature that may slip
into the sea, and from below sweep the
oceans of every ship that floats.

Ozu had expected his own daughter
Bertha to give birth to a male child, but
a little girl was born instead. The plot
brings the Lamist to a successful close
when he takes from Martha de Bilguitre
her male infant born out of wedlock.
The mother goes mad when the child is
taken from her breast.

at once. Reach Gibraltar soon
as possible without breaking co-
hesion of fleet. Find detailed in-
structions Gibraltar.

(Signed) "GERVAIS"

Admiral Germinet gathered up all
the scattered papers with a single
sweep of his hand, and cried hoarsely:

"Gentlemen, to your ships! Not one
word until you reach them!"

Five minutes later, completely up-
set by what he had heard, Louis de
Cleret sprang to the Cyclone's deck
with a single bound. Sainte-Claire
was awaiting him in great appre-
hension. De Cleret took him by the
hand and said, in a voice which he
forced to be calm and clear be-
fore the eager men of the crew:

"Lieutenant, we sail at once. Are
the hawsers slack?"

"Yes, sir."

Cleret turned toward the flag-
ship. Twenty seconds later a pennant ran
up the mast of the Patrie. Almost
immediately the water at the torpedo
boat's stern began to bubble violently,
and the screw vibrated sharply.

Eighteen years past, and the scene is
shifted to the messroom of the French
torpedo boat Cyclone in Villefranche har-
bor. It is February 1. The commander,
Lieut. Louis de Cleret, is talking to his
friend, Ensign Sainte-Claire. Cleret
calls attention to a newspaper article
which tells of the visit of a mysterious
stranger to the palace of the Kaiser on
January 1. The stranger, it seems, handed
the Kaiser a parchment in which he
declared that the smallest ever built,
could not even try to penetrate the
harbor of Cherbourg.

Perhaps it was one man, or several
men, or more likely still, several men
in perfect diving bells. In this case
there must be at least three, for one
man alone could not have spent twenty-
three hours in the water, nor make a
speed of seventy-four miles an hour!

Then, too, from whence did these
men come? How could they pro-
gress to distant points with such
concerted action? Whom did they
obey? "The Unknown?" But who is
this "Unknown?"

And thus the questions multiplied
which no one, from the admiral down
to the cannon-man, could answer.
As the ships neared Gibraltar, the
inquietude increased among the dis-
patches from Paris to Admiral Ger-
minet, and a soldier on land with a
gun in his hand, neither kings nor
emperors nor presidents must sur-
render!"

"Obviously," replied the command-
ant, motioning a slight change to the
helmsman.

"Then," Sainte-Claire continued,
"we do not go into war with its
chance for glory—we do not go into
battle, but we simply go to death,
nothing more nor less."

"Jean, it is only what we must
do," Cleret concluded simply, as the
two clasped hands.

The squadron had scarcely cleared
the harbor before all the crews knew
the strange and terrible news.

The "Unknown's" Haven.

Three battleships destroyed, one
torpedoed, 4,000 men killed was the
sum of that day's disasters, and these
catastrophes, apparently pro-
duced by the same enigmatic cause,
took place at four points, whose two
extremes, Heligoland and Lisbon, were
separated some 7,700 miles by the
straight maritime route. As the dis-
asters had taken place between 11
o'clock in the morning and midnight
of the same day, it was evident that
the redoubtable enemy, if he worked
alone, had made 1,700 miles in twen-
ty-three hours, or about seventy-
four miles an hour.

As the fastest war vessels have a

speed only half as great, there was
indeed cause for alarm. The terror
of officers and men, when they had
made this calculation, was indescrib-
able, and each ventured an hypo-

thesis.

What was the nature of this en-
emy?

It could not be a submarine, for
the Goubet, the smallest ever built,
could not even try to penetrate the
harbor of Cherbourg.

Perhaps it was one man, or several
men, or more likely still, several men
in perfect diving bells. In this case
there must be at least three, for one
man alone could not have spent twenty-
three hours in the water, nor make a
speed of seventy-four miles an hour!

Then, too, from whence did these
men come? How could they pro-
gress to distant points with such
concerted action? Whom did they
obey? "The Unknown?" But who is
this "Unknown?"

And thus the questions multiplied
which no one, from the admiral down
to the cannon-man, could answer.

As the ships neared Gibraltar, the
inquietude increased among the dis-
patches from Paris to Admiral Ger-
minet, and a soldier on land with a
gun in his hand, neither kings nor
emperors nor presidents must sur-
render!"

Waiting in Fear.

It is fair to go into battle with an
enemy of whose quality, number, and
strength one knows something, even
if that enemy is twenty times one's
superior.

But to set out in the dark toward a
vague danger, to go unquestionably
to death without chance of self-de-
fense, was a prospect which brought
a cold sweat to the bravest.

The men kept their anguish-stricken
eyes and minds upon the yardarms
of the wireless apparatuses, with
which all the ships were equipped.

Would they hear of a fresh disas-
ter before reaching Gibraltar? Might
not the invincible, incomprehensible
enemy have crossed the straits?
Might it not signify its presence in
the Mediterranean at any moment?
Or was it at that moment crossing
to carry destruction to the New
World?

Now, 704 miles lay between Ville-
franche and Gibraltar. In order to
keep in line, the squadron was not
making more than sixteen knots an
hour, the faster ships regulating their
speed by that of the slower. There-
fore the passage was being made in
forty-four hours—and these were forty-
four hours of anguish.

When the forty-six vessels arrived
without damage at the Straits of Gi-
braltar at 9 o'clock of the morning of
February 5, no message had yet
reached them, and all hearts were
somewhat freed of their burden. Evi-
dently, the mysterious enemy had not
made no sign of life in the morning of
February 5. As the squadron was being drawn
up in line for battle, the large ves-
sels in the center, and the front flank-
ed by torpedo boats, a tender steamed
out from Gibraltar, bearing dis-
patches from Paris to Admiral Ger-
minet. They were only instructions
from the minister of war, however,
and contained no new facts.

The very mystery of his having
made no sign of life in the morning of
February 5, "The Unknown" seem more
formidable, if possible, than ever. By
what diabolical means and in what
part of the globe was he now about
to signal his existence?

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

Play Suits For Summer

By RITA STUYVESANT

Some of the Serviceable Clothes That
Can Be Made at Little Cost
for the Boy or Girl

NOW that the hot months are
here, little folks turn their
thoughts to outdoor play and
appropriate suits
should be provided
by the thought-
ful mother. Very
much of the com-
fort of the child
depends upon his
having the right
kind of clothing,
and this is espe-
cially true in summer. Play suits
must be made for rough-and-tumble
wear, so that a child need not con-
stantly be reminded to look out for
his clothes. Starched, folded or
fancy garments are entirely unsuit-
able for young children, for they do
not permit free play.

Of course, all play clothing should
be washable, but the laundering
should be reduced to the minimum.
Serrucker and cotton crepe are
ideal in that they require no iron-
ing. Striped and checked gingham
suits are the plain materials.
However, the gingham should be
well shrunk before being made up.
Light colors like pink, blue, lavan-
der or green fade very easily if not
laundered with care. Percale, gain-
es and madras are also suitable for
children's wear.

A really little fellow of five years
will be proud to wear blue or brown
gaiters overalls. These are very
easily made, and have straps over
the shoulders. The big pocket at the
hip must not be omitted, for it is a
fine place to keep string, pennies,
jackknives and other implements of
boyhood. A little cotton blouse and
sundries will be all that is necessary
during hot days.

A cunning costume for a child of
four consists of a cotton crepe dress
and bloomers with waist attached.

The Little Crook is out of his story,
both for coarseness and simplicity in
making.

A square neck is finished by inch-
wide bias binding banding, as well
as the half-length sleeves. A belt
may be worn if desired, though
more freedom and coolness are war-
ranted if the belt is omitted.

Bloomers do away with the neces-
sity of petticoats. A little muslin
waist may be sewed to the bloomers
to prevent them from slipping.
With a small sunbonnet and san-
dals, this is an excellent costume
for the seashore. Clothing of this
style is very easy to wash and is a
boon to the busy mother as well as
a joy to the kiddies.

For the run-about baby, there
are several styles that may be
adapted to little boys and girls
alike. They are cut like rompers,
but left loose at the knees. These
are found cooler than the tight-
fitted style. Low necks and short
sleeves may be simply outlined with
bias tape.

Play hats are being advanced in
serrucker, linen, gingham and
duck. For girls they are in the
form of adorable little sunbonnets,
edged by a tiny ruffle and held on
by strings tying under the chin.
The crown is cut as a large circle.
Plain hats devoid of "trills" are cut
for boys. Crowns that button to
the brim share a great advantage
in washing and ironing, for they
may be removed and ironed flat.

These little bonnets complete
practical costumes for the seashore,
mountains, farm, or wherever the
sun rays are hot on little kiddies.
Mothers, when planning summer
play clothes for your children (and
these should constitute a greater
part of the child's wardrobe), try
to reduce the cost and making to a
minimum, as well as the laundering.
Make your children cool and
comfortable.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By William F. Kirk

WHEN Pa came home last night
it was too early for supper
instead of too late. Ma looked
kind of worried. Are you sick,
dear, she said.

I never felt better, said Pa.

Why?

It is very unusual for you to get
home this early, said Ma.

I know it, said Pa. This was my
day off and I went to see the Giants
play and it rained and the game was
called off. The way it looks, said
Pa, this must be my unlucky month,
the same as the other 11 months. I
guess I won't see a game this Sum-
mer.

Well, said Ma, I can imagine
worse things happening to you,
dear. You have seen ball games
enuff in your life. Why don't you
talk me out to the Bronx Zoo, Ma,
said, and we can look at the monkeys.
They act a good deal like ball
players, Ma said.

I guess I was born unlucky, said
Pa. The only luck I ever had
was when I married you, he said kind
of quick.

I am glad you thought to say
that, said Ma. It seems to me you
have a good deal to be thankful
for. You have your health and your
loving family and a nice home and
a good job, what more do you want?

I suppose that is true enuff,
said Pa, but I like baseball and I
don't get a chance to see many
games. I used to be a grade player
myself, said Pa.

So I have often heard you say, said
Ma. You were a grade hand at
everything you tried when you
were young, weren't you. How jellus
the nabers children must have been

of you. I don't imagine you could
have been any popular.

On the contrary, said Pa, every-
body liked me. They used to call me
Little Sunshine around here. I
lived. All the nabers used to tell
their children to be like me. The
poor things tried, too, said Pa, but
they just naturally weren't as brile.
Poor little fellows. It is a terrible
tragedy to be thick headed, Pa said.

It is, said Ma. There is only one
worse tragedy, being well headed, she
said.

Yes, said Pa, that is what I often
say. I am so glad that I never had
a trace of conceit, said Pa. My dad
used to tell me whatever you do,
never grow up conceited. Always
remember there is a lot of
bitter men than you.

I should like to have met your
father, said Ma. I bet he was sen-
sible.

Yes, indeed, said Pa. Of course,
Pa said, at the time he was address-
ing them remarks to me he didn't
realize how brile I was going to
become.

Of course not, said Ma. You &
Bobbie's dad had been great
pals if he was living now, said Ma.

I suppose I could have been of great
help to him if he was living now,
said Pa. I am the kind of a
fellow that wouldn't do my best to
assist a friend.

Of course you ain't, said Ma.
There isn't anything grand &
noble that you ain't, dearest, said
Ma. I am going window shopping
tomorrow, she said.

No, you are going into the
store shopping, said Pa, and you can
buy anything you like at the de-
store. Take this fifty & make it go
Kewie, said Pa. Be a sport, Pa said.
I guess you are pretty good in
this country.

All Star Recipes

The following recipes have been tested and approved by Good
Housekeeping Institute, conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING,
and are republished here by special arrangement with that pub-
lication, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine.

All measurements are level,
standard half-gal measuring cups,
tablespoons and teaspoons being
used. Sixteen level tablespoons
equal a half-gal. Quantities are
sufficient for six persons unless
otherwise stated. Flour is sifted
once before measuring.

Spanish Scrambled Eggs.
(200 Calories.)

Two tablespoons butter, 1
chopped onion, 1 chopped green
pepper, 1 chopped pimiento, 1
cupful rich milk, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1
teaspoonful pepper, 8 eggs.
Cook all except eggs together un-
til tender; then add eggs, stir while
cooking, and serve on toast.

Picnic or Camping Sandwich.
(400 each.)

One can pimientos, one table-
spoonful butter, cheese, buttered
bread.
Fry pimientos quickly in the but-
ter and remove from the pan. In
the same butter place thin slices of
cheese and hold this over the camp
fire until the cheese is "pliable," but
not melted. Place between buttered
slices of bread a layer of pimientos
and a layer of cheese. Serve while
hot.

Buckwheat Gena.
(1,500 Calories.)

One-half cupful sugar, 1 egg, 8
tablespoonfuls butter, 1 cupful milk,
1 cupful buckwheat flour, 1 cupful
bread flour, 1 1/2 teaspoonfuls baking
pow